

MYSTERY MAN WRITES STORY OF LOST MEMORY

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paratively small, and the coming and goings of strangers usually are noted. No one can be found who saw him enter the city of Augusta, Ga., in the swamps near which he was found, perfectly nude and utterly dazed, four days later.

Here is his own story—all that he can remember of his case—a case which has baffled the leading physicians of the South. It was written

by "Jack" especially for The Washington Herald.

THE STORY OF JACK BLANK. By Himself.

"About the middle of February I asked my parents that I be allowed to spend the month of March at some resort South. I chose the State of Florida. Afterwards I intended to take a boat from Tampa to Havana, Cuba. Both my parents accompanied me as far as Bangor, Me., where my father left me. My mother accompanied me to Washington.

"We stopped three days in Philadelphia. We visited friends of my mother. I cannot remember their names nor where they lived. On the fourth day we went to Wilmington, Del., intending to visit the du Pont Powder Company. We found the plant closed to visitors and took the next train to Washington.

"We spent three days in Washington sightseeing. Then it was decided that I continue my journey South alone, and make a detour at Wilmington, N. C. Our train left at about the same hour, my mother returning home. My mother's last words to me were to be careful."

"In Wilmington, I went to a hotel, registered, had my dinner, walked around a few minutes, and then went to the 'movies.' For the next day they announced on the screen Francis X. Bushmann in 'Pennington's Choice.' After the show I went to my room and retired. In the morning after I had my breakfast, and asked some one where I might kill time until train time. He said there was a trolley running to a beach about twelve miles away and that cars went there every hour. This was Wrightsville Beach on the Atlantic coast. I went there, and had an oyster roast, the first and only one I had ever had. I walked along the shore for about a mile and then got the next car back to the hotel in time for luncheon.

"Then I bought both an afternoon and morning paper. The papers were announcing a window display contest for the next evening. They also said the city was going to try out a new system of lighting and had two new lights ready to light on a corner near the hotel where I was still a guest.

"I remember positively buying a ticket to St. Augustine, Fla., and then going back to the hotel and getting one of the porters to take my grip up to the station. He said the station before me and was waiting for me. I gave him a quarter. He left me and I went into the station. It was very hot and I went over to the news stand in the station. I had a soft drink, and shortly after had a second one.

"Then I went to where my grip was and sat down. I remember no more until I woke up four days afterward in the Savannah swamp about eighteen miles from Augusta, Ga.

"My clothes had all been removed and were under my head. My overcoat was thrown over me. I remember that when I woke up my head had a sort of very tired feeling and I was very hungry and rather frightened. I walked in the opposite direction that the sun was shining and found that there was no path or road. Then I turned around and walked until I found a railroad track. After I had walked about five miles I met a negro and told him I was lost. I asked him how far it was to the next town. He said that it was only a short distance.

"Ras," German Police Dog, Valued at \$2,000, Missing

"Ras," a German police dog, has left his apartments in the Portland, and his owner, Senor Don Ignacio Leon, secretary of the Chilean Legation. He was once a pet of the infant princess of Spain, and has stood for his portrait with her royal highness in Madrid.

About 11 o'clock yesterday morning some one coaxed him away from Senor Leon's apartments. The allies are not suspected for "Ras" became a naturalized Frenchman at one time in his career, and in Paris he became the property of Senor Leon. The secretary, accompanied by Senora Leon, came to police headquarters last night to report the theft.

Detective Larry O'Dea, who is investigating the case, had to be reassured that "Ras" was worth \$2,000, but when told

that the dog had won first prize at the recent Washington dog show and a special prize for all-around superiority, and when told that as a puppy he had been shown at a number of shows in this country and abroad, where he had taken prizes, O'Dea readily agreed the dog was worth it.

"Ras" is a little over two years old and has been in Senor Leon's possession about fifteen months. He is about two feet high, bears a scar on his tail and a long scar across his throat, the result of his instinctive policing tendency. He is yellow and black and will make friends with policemen. It is believed he either followed some one out of the Portland or was coaxed away by some one who thought he could demand a large reward.

It seemed to me that I had walked about a hundred miles and never passed any one else all during the trip.

Coming Into a City.

The first sign of any civilization that I saw was a light in the distance. I walked to this light and found that it was only a switch light. I walked about a mile farther and saw several other lights to my left which seemed to appear very high up. Later I found that I was approaching a city.

I walked until I came to a policeman and told him I was lost and he took me to a place that had the appearance of a private residence.

Once inside I told the police that I was lost and did not know where I lived. They asked me many questions and then asked me to write a letter to my father and tell him to come and get me. I did, but when the time came to sign my name and the address of my father, I, for the first time, realized that my memory had failed me and I could not think.

"I then became frightened and did not know what was to become of me. The police were very kind to me and assured me that they would find my parents for me in the morning. Everybody asked me so many funny questions and then they all asked me the same question at the same time. Then I went to bed and in the morning, after I had eaten my breakfast, I was examined by the head physician at the hospital of Augusta. He at once ordered me admitted to the hospital, where I received the very best of treatment and made a host of friends.

Every one wanted to do something to help me.

I was kept in bed twelve days and given treatment for that time. After twelve days I was given the freedom of the hospital. I did not feel at all sick, and I hated to stay there as a charity patient, so I offered to work for them. They consented, and for two months, I did office work for them. But the doctor said my nervous system was entirely shattered, and that the environment was bad for me. I had won

the friendship of W. E. Trowbridge, a prominent merchant of Augusta, and he gave me employment in his store. I have been working for him ever since until two days ago, when he and I started out to try and discover my real identity.

X-Ray of Head.

"While I was in the hospital, an X-Ray photograph was taken of my head, and the doctor said the picture showed two depressions of the skull, which probably were caused by a blow. But I don't remember having been struck. I don't remember anything from the time I drank the last soft drink in Wilmington, until I woke up in the swamp.

"When I entered the station in Wilmington, I had \$250. When I woke up in the marsh I did not have a penny. Also, whoever took my clothes off me was careful to remove every possible mark of identification from them. The letters I carried were gone. The band was torn out of my hat; the maker's label had been cut from my coat, the label had been cut from my tie, and the straps had been cut from my shoes.

"The strange thing about the whole thing to me is that I am sure I could find my way home from Bangor, Me. I don't know which way I'd go—but I think I'd be just like a homing pigeon.

"I'm very certain at any rate that I will soon learn my name—although I don't know whether I'd recognize it if I heard it. The name Jack Blank, that I go by now, was given me in the hospital.

"But I know I went to Phillips Exeter Academy. I took part in athletics there eight years ago. Surely some of the professors there will remember me.

"I had a picture of myself printed in the Bangor papers, but never heard anything from it. I must admit, however, that the reproduction was so poor I scarcely recognized myself.

"Just now I'm groping in the dark. I don't know who I am. I haven't the faintest idea. I'm worse than a blind man. I'm willing to undergo an operation—do anything on earth that will give me back my name."

"MAKE LIGHT OF FAILURES"—SMALL

Principal of Eastern High School Advises Graduates to Be Like Soldiers.

Class night exercises were held by the graduating class of Eastern High School last night at the school. With speeches, music and glimpses into the future, the students celebrated their last meeting before graduation.

Dr. Willard S. Small made the faculty address, and he drew upon the European war for an example for the students. "Be like the soldiers in the trenches, make light of failures, and profit by them," he said.

T. Farris English, president of the class, made the address of welcome. The prophecies were given by Miss Roberta McWade, Miss Edith Barnes, Miss Grace Womersley, and Miss Eleanor Ryan. The class history was recited by Miss Marie Turner.

Miss Eleanor Hills, soprano, one of the graduates, sang "A Day Morning," and "The Passage Bird's Farewell" was rendered by Miss Emma Corder and Earl Jonacher.

Graduation exercises will be held at Polk's on Monday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock.

The graduates: William Ernest Barkman, William Morrison Barr, Charles Magdefrau Boteler, Charles Edwin Burns, Jr., William Boone Douglass, Jr., George Washington English, Thomas Farris English, Herbert Stahly Gates, Thomas David Gates, Herbert Cornelius Graves, Jr., Edward Read Handy, Francis Ward Hetfield, Hugo Palmer Hill, Jr., Earl Graham Joncher, Leo J. Langan, Quinter Marcellus Lyon, Anthony Clement McAuliffe, Raymond Jackson McElhannon, Clifford Wayne McGlasson, Edward Leonard Maier, Clyde Marden Shreve, Peter Henry Steltz, Jr., Clarence William Steves, John Day Torrey, Martha Vera Aman, Edith Emily Barnes, Catherine Clark Bassett, Susan Pauline Batson, Pearl Mary Beard, M. Ruth Bergling, Susan May Cole, Nellie Cook, Emily Stahl Corder, Cynthia Elizabeth Dye, Mary Lillian Fisher, Annie Naylor Fitzhugh, Cora Estelle Guest, Margaret Reid Guest, Roberta Lenore Harstin, Hazel Elizabeth Harvey, Mabel Rebecca Heckman, Madeline Gordon Hesse, Miriam Frances Hicks, Eleanor Craig Hills, Barbara Mary Hind, Elise Frances Howe, Dorona Idelle Howell, Katherine Sydney Howell, M. Eleanor Hunt, Annie Lucille Hutchison, Margaret Elizabeth Jester, Ina Mary Lawrence, Virginia Blanche Lawrence, Elsa Lohman, Bertha Lovell Lucas, Elsie Grace Mc-

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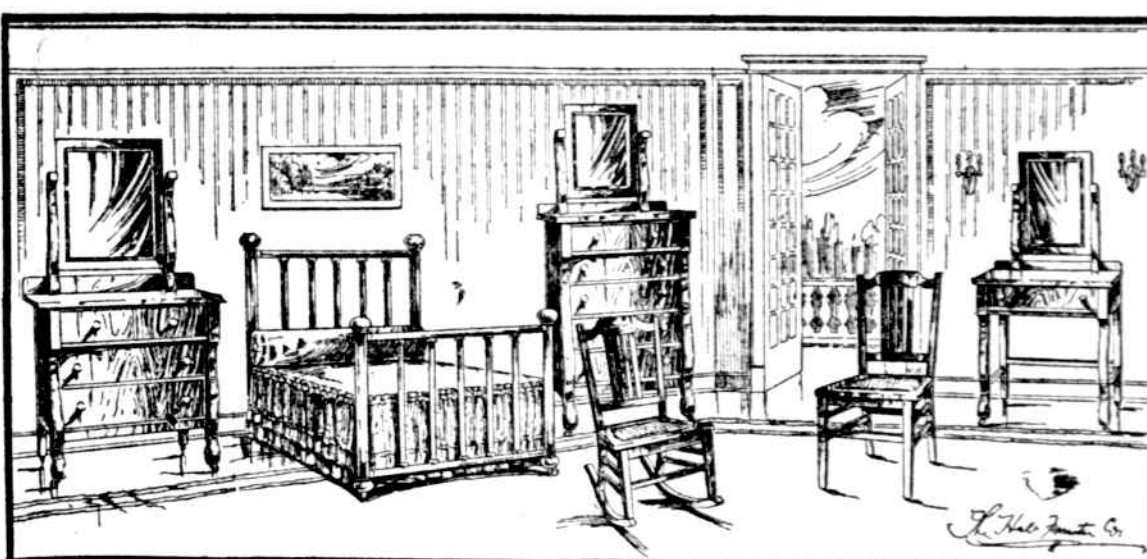
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